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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my ſpectacles have aſſiſted me ſufficiently to read your papers. Permit me as a recompenſe for the pleaſure I have received from them, to ſend you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I AM the widow of Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY; I am the daughter of RALPH PUMPKIN, Eſq; and I am the grandaughter of Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, of Pumpkin-hall in South-Wales. I was educated, with my two elder ſiſters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-houſe of our anceſtors. It was the conſtant cuſtom of my grand-

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father, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to ſummon his three grandaughters to his bedſide, and amuſe us with the moſt important tranſactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illuſtrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without ſome degree of vanity, but always with a ſtrict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we ſhould have children, to whom ſome of his adventures might prove uſeful and important.

SIR JOSIAH was ſcarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the ſecond, by his uncle Sir SIMON SPARROWGRASS, who was at that time Lancaſter herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As ſoon as he had kiſſed the King's hand, he was preſented to the duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the miniſters, and the miſtreſſes. His fortune, which was conſiderable, and his manners which were extremely elegant, made him ſo very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleaſure and expence, that the courtiers could poſſibly diſplay. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he ſung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glaſſes in every tavern throughout London. But ſtill he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a DUEL. He was ſo extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happineſs of a RENCOUNTER. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occaſioned this inglorious chaſm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate PUMPKIN, till he had ſhewn himſelf as expert in opening a vein with a ſword, as any ſurgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy ſituation till he was near two

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and twenty years of age. At length his better ſtars prevailed, and he received a moſt egregious affront from Mr. CUCUMBER, one of the gentlemen-uſhers of the Privy-chamber. CUCUMBER, who was in waiting at court, ſpit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he ſtood next to Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, part of the ſpittle reſted upon Sir JOSIAH's ſhoe. It was then that the true PUMPKIN honour aroſe in bluſhes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and ſent Mr. CUCUMBER a challenge. Captain DAISY, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjuſted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor-fields, and to bring fifteen ſeconds on a ſide. Punctuality is a ſtrong inſtance of valour upon theſe occaſions. The clock of St. Paul's ſtruck ſeven, juſt when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two and thirty gentlemen was adjuſting himſelf into a poſture of defence againſt his adverſary. It happened to be the hour for breakfaſt in the hoſpital of Bedlam. A ſmall bell had rung to ſummon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, OWEN MACDUFFY, ſtanding at the iron gate, and beholding ſuch a number of armed men in the midſt of the fields, immediately roared out, "fire, murder, ſwords, daggers, bloodſhed!" OWEN's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it ſtill louder and more tremendous. His words ſtruck a pannic into the keepers; they loſt all preſence of mind; they forgot their priſoners, and haſtened moſt precipitately down ſtairs to the ſcene of action. At the ſight of naked ſwords, their fears increaſed, and at once they ſtood open-mouthed and motionleſs. Not ſo the lunatics; freedom to madmen, and light to the

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blind are equally rapturous. RALPH ROGERS the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the reſtoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious ſet of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cryed out, "Liberty "and property my boys! Down with the Rump! "CROMWELL and IRETON are come from Hell to "deſtroy us. Come my Cavalier lads, follow me, and "let us knock out their brains." The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balliſters of the great ſtair-caſe, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way, they picked up ſome ſtaves and cudgels, which the porter and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and ruſhing forward with amazing fury, they forced themſelves outrageouſly into the midſt of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment, deſtroyed all the decency and order with which this moſt illuſtrious DUEL had begun.

IT ſeemed, according to my grandfather's obſervation, a very untoward fate, that two and thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune and quality, ſhould meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that reſolution and politeneſs which belonged to their ſtations, and ſhould at once be routed, diſperſed, and even wounded by a ſet of madmen, without ſword, piſtol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

THE madmen were not only ſuperior in ſtrength, but numbers. Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN and Mr. CUCUMBER ſtood their ground as long as poſſible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the ſole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two FRIENDS were ſoon over-powered, and no perſon daring to come to their aſſiſtance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumſtances would admit.

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MANY of the other gentlemen were knocked down, and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generoſity would never name, betook themſelves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's ſon was ſpied clinging ſubmiſſively round the feet of mad POCKLINGTON the taylor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himſelf at the bottom of PIPPIN KATE's apple ſtall. A Shropſhire ſquire of three thouſand pounds a year, was diſcovered chin deep, and almoſt ſtifled in Fleet ditch. Even captain DAISY himſelf was found in a milk cellar, with viſible marks of fear and conſternation. Thus ended this inauſpicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offenſive pranks throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; and my grandfather himſelf had the misfortune to ſee mad ROGERS come into the Queen's drawing-room, and ſpit in a ducheſs's face.

SUCH unforeſeen diſaſters, occaſioned ſome prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, ſix combatants (three on a ſide) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain ſuch a quantity of blood in their veins, as ſhould be ſufficient to ſatisfy the higheſt affront that could be offered.

AFTERWARDS, upon the matureſt deliberation, as my grandfather aſſured me, the number ſix was reduced to four; two principals and two ſeconds; each ſecond was to be the trueſt and beſt beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and theſe ſeconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had